

A HISTORY OF THE ADVENTURES  
OF  
*John W. Hutchinson and his Family*



IN THE  
CAMPS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

---

BOSTON:  
S. CHISM,—FRANKLIN PRINTING HOUSE.  
No. 112 CONGRESS STREET.  
1864.



WEH  
15-

THE

BOOK OF BROTHERS;

(SECOND SERIES)

BEING

A HISTORY OF THE ADVENTURES

OF

JOHN W. HUTCHINSON AND HIS FAMILY

IN THE

CAMPS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

---

BOSTON:

S. CHISM,—FRANKLIN PRINTING HOUSE.

No. 112 CONGRESS STREET.

1864.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by  
JOHN W. HUTCHINSON,  
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.



## THE BOOK OF BROTHERS.

---

TEN years having elapsed since the first series of this narrative was published, and much having occurred with relation to the Hutchinson Family in the interim, it has been thought advisable to bring down their history to the present period. The account of their visit to Washington, and of their Camp Concerts, will be read with peculiar interest; and the public will *now* have a faithful account of their doings among the Army of the Potomac. Many garbled statements with reference to this affair have been made, but how destitute of truth nearly all of them were, the following truthful narrative will show.

We now, then, resume our history:

In December, of the year 1855, Judson, John, and Asa Hutchinson resolved, after due deliberation, to visit the Great West, and accordingly they proceeded to the new territory of Minnesota, where the fertility of the land and the beauty of the country — as well as the advantageous prospects then held out to settlers — induced them to take up some prairie lands to the west of the Mississippi river, about sixty-five miles from the city of St. Paul. Here they founded a settlement, which they called after their own name; and the town of "HUTCHINSON" was added to the many others that were constantly springing up on the prairie and in the wilderness of the West.

At that time Minnesota was considered as not only the land of aspirations and dreams, but the land where aspira-

tions and dreams were realized. Fact, poetry, and romance all combined to lavish eulogy upon the growing territory, whose healthful atmosphere seemed to resemble the fabled fountain, which restored the youth of man; and whose generous soil, to use Douglas Jerrold's pithy expression with reference to that of Australia, was so rich, that earth there would, if you tickled her with a hoe, laugh with a harvest. The Falls of Minnehaha had been immortalized in flowing verse, while the beautiful Indian maiden, Winona, like the New England Madawiska, was honored by tradition, as an Indian heroine.

John W. Hutchinson cut the first tree that had ever fallen by the hand of the white man in those regions, and it was used in the construction of their log cabin. Around this nucleus of a settlement, other cabins arose, and the town of "Hutchinson" continued to gradually grow and extend until 1857,—in fact, at that time, it was becoming quite a large settlement. A hotel, that almost first want of a new settlement, early provided "good entertainment" for travelers. Farms appeared one after another, and all, in that productive section, soon were in a thriving condition. The Hutchinsons worked with untiring energy, and corn and grain of all kinds were extensively cultivated by them, and also by the other settlers. Sheep and cattle dotted the pastures, and the vocalists became successful farmers. But, notwithstanding their agricultural avocations, they did not altogether abandon singing—having quite too much "music in their souls" for that. So they started off occasionally to give concerts, and exchange the music of the flail for that of the platform. And while they were thus singing, the crops were growing! They had taken with them to the West a super-abundance of Yankee energy, and it found vent in vocalism.

The soil and climate of Minnesota amply fulfilled all the expectations they had formed of it. In their opinion, it is *the* State to go to for those who are industrious, and desire to have all the romance connected with active life. The climate is very fine — somewhat cold, certainly, but positive, — that is, by no means so changeable as that of their own native New England. Here, then, for some time the Hutchinson's remained with the laudable intention of building up a permanent home for the little ones who were growing up around them. But, as will be presently seen, the French saying was verified — “Man *proposes*, God *disposes*.” Glowing as were their prospects, all pleasant anticipations concerning them, so far as Minnesota was concerned, were doomed to end in disappointment.

When a hive becomes too full, the bees “swarm,” and new colonies or settlements are formed. So it is with the human families — so was it with the Hutchinsons. Asa had a little swarm of “olive-branches” growing up — John, also, had gathered round him, a healthful tribe; and they agreed to divide, as it were, the trunk of the “Family” tree, and separate into two companies. Sister Abby, as we have seen in the first part of these memoirs, was already married, and had retired into the privacy of domestic life in New York. Leaving, therefore, their Minnesota property in the hands of agents, Asa, with his family, and John with his also, started off in different directions, “concerting.”

Shortly after their separation, another, and a larger one occurred. Judson Hutchinson, who had for years previously formed one of the original “Family” of singers, after a season of affliction passed away to the silent land. Judson was much beloved by the thousands who knew him, for the genuine simplicity and honest whole-heartedness of his character. Our friend now lies in that quiet town (Milford, N. H.) for



which, during a well-spent life he had often expressed a desire, there to remain

“till through the sky  
The Angel of the Resurrection flies.”

This brings us to the year 1858.

The reader must now be kind enough to follow with us the fortunes of Mr. John W. Hutchinson and his family, consisting of his wife and two children—a son and daughter—named respectively, Henry and Viola. It is to their adventures we shall now confine ourselves.

On leaving Minnesota, this family travelled by team through the New England States, in the various cities and towns in which they were warmly welcomed by their old friends, and enthusiastically received by thousands who now heard them for the first time. Their popularity, instead of diminishing, was greatly increased; and the younger Hutchinsons were hailed with delight, as choice melodious additions to the already numerous and famous “Family.” The new generation were not, however, dependent altogether on the reputation of the preceding one, for Henry and Viola possessed talents exclusively their own, and it is by no means to be wondered at, that, under such training as they were privileged with, they were already accomplished singers. Henry, aged eighteen, has a fine *tenor* voice, capable of great modulation, and of extraordinary compass and volume. They who remember his lamented and gifted uncle Jesse, will not fail to recognize many points of similarity between them. His voice, in some degree, resembles Judson’s. Viola, who is now sixteen years of age, has a fascinating *alto* voice, of a similar calibre to Abby’s, whose delicious warblings those who once heard them can never forget. Both their voices, blending with that of their father’s, who can sing in almost



any key, mingle delightfully. Viola, too, it should be added, reminds us much of Abby, in many other respects. She could not have a better model. Mrs. J. W. H., whose deep contralto voice, assuming adarbitrium, the bass or tenor, mingles in the quartettes and choruses to the approval of thousands.

We may, incidentally, remark here, while referring to Abby, that this lady quitted for a brief season that sphere of domestic life which she occupies and adorns, for the purpose of singing for a short season with her brother John. Her principal object was to renew old and valued friendships, in places through which she had formerly travelled. It is needless to say, that in such places as Boston, New York, Albany, Troy, Philadelphia, Trenton, and other cities and towns, she was warmly welcomed by thousands, who were delighted to listen once again to her charming minstrelsy.

During the last presidential election, Mr. Hutchinson and his family did good service, by helping to sing Mr. Lincoln into the White House. "I care not who makes the laws for a people," says Fletcher, "so that I make their songs." Keeping this in mind, we may readily believe that our vocalists were not without their influence on the important event. On the day of Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, Mr. Hutchinson proceeded to Washington to view the imposing ceremonies, just as two of his elder brothers (Democrats) had previously attended the inaugurals of Pierce and Buchanan.

While passing through Baltimore, on his way to the "City of Magnificent Distances," he had the opportunity of learning the origin of the now common word "Secesh." Two drunken men were in the street, sauntering along, when one said to the other—"If they wa-nt to sesesh, let u-um se-se-sesh!" and the other thick-voiced gentlemen, addressing his companion, declared that "if he was shesh-h, he was sh-h-h-es-h

too! d—d if he w-was n't!" So that a drunken loafer had the honor of originating the now notorious epithet. It is noted here as an etymological curiosity, for the benefit of some future Walker, Webster, or Worcester.

Returning to Philadelphia, some very successful concerts were given, and then the Family opened in New York. The rebellion excitement had now fairly, or rather *unfairly* set in. Determined to vindicate the honor of the "Star Spangled Banner," Mr. Hutchinson had an immense flag engraved on wood, and printed in the appropriate colors; this he used as a "poster" for his concerts. The device was afterwards adopted by many other persons, but to Mr. H. undoubtedly belongs the credit of having originated the happy device. This was *before* the fall of Fort Sumpter, and it may be incidentally mentioned here, that, three weeks after that event, the printer realized eight hundred dollars by printing impressions from the same flag-block, — the calls for American flags being then very numerous all over the loyal States.

During the following three months the Family made a tour, in the course of which they gave many concerts for the benefit of the Soldier's Aid Societies. This proceeding, it may be mentioned, was quite in character with the liberality the Hutchinsons have shown during their career, from the very first. Humanity has never called upon them for aid in vain. They have not only sung of brotherly love, but have exhibited it in their personal efforts to ameliorate suffering among their fellow men. Practice, with them, has gone hand in hand with precept. And now that the dawning of Freedom's glorious day is seen, soon we trust to brighten "more and more unto the perfect day," it is but just to the Hutchinsons to state, that the great and glorious Anti-Slavery cause has had few more efficient advocates and workers than they have been. At many thousands of public gatherings

they have, during the twenty-four years of their public life, come forward gladly and gratuitously to sing of Liberty, Freedom, Humanity, and Brotherly Love, and it is not too much to surmise that their influence has done much to advance that cause, which through good report and through evil report they have conscientiously adhered to. And not only has the Anti-Slavery cause been benefited by their exertions, for, wherever and whenever their services could promote the welfare of suffering humanity, those services were always gracefully and generously rendered.

Having concluded these Soldier's Concerts, Mr. Hutchinson and his family, needing repose, returned to their home at High Rock, Lynn. But they did not allow themselves to rest in inglorious ease, for there was a camp at Lynnfield — General Wilson's Regiment — and to it the Hutchinsons often repaired to cheer the hearts of the volunteers with song and sentiment. Who shall tell what the influence of such exercises may have been — possibly they may have given new courage to the daunted, stimulated the hesitating, and comforted those who were leaving all that was dear to them at home, to endure the stern realities of war. Such efforts on their part were worthy of all praise, and they received such from officers and men, in profusion.

John W. Hutchinson now determined to visit Washington, and, if possible, make arrangements for a series of concerts to our brave soldiers on the Potomac. It was a bold venture, and the results problematic; but he determined to try, at least, to cheer those who had left home and friends to do battle for a just and holy cause. Scarcely had he arrived in Washington before he met a reverend friend, Mr. Yard, the excellent Chaplain of the New Jersey 1st regiment. The chaplain received him cordially, and all the preliminaries having been arranged, he was invited to hold a concert at



Fairfax Seminary. To this Mr. Hutchinson replied that he would, after he had given his concert in Washington.

But, in order to visit the camp, it was necessary that he should obtain permission from head quarters; and he therefore paid a visit to the Hon. Salmon P. Chase, the able Secretary of the Treasury, who warmly welcomed him and expressed his readiness to do all in his power to forward his views. Nothing could possibly be more gratifying than that interview, during which Mr. Chase showed not only that his former principles were unchanged, but that the high position he so ably and honorably filled had not (as such too often does) impaired the principles of *the man*. Mr. Chase had, in days that were gone, often approved of and patronized the Hutchinson Family, and now, so far from turning a deaf ear to their application for his official assistance, he did all he could to smoothen their path and to remove from it every obstacle.

To procure a "pass" or permission from the Secretary of War, to go and sing to the troops, was the next task. Accordingly, Mr. Hutchinson waited on Mr. Cameron, (who then held that important office), from whom he received every courtesy, and who at once furnished him with the following document, saying jocosely, as he handed it to the recipient: "But mind you do n't sing secesh!"

[COPY.]

WAR DEPARTMENT, Jan. 14, 1863.

Permit "The Hutchinson Family" to pass over bridges and ferries, and within the main lines of the Army of the Potomac. They will be allowed to sing to the soldiers, and this permit shall continue good until 1st February, 1862.

(Signed)

SIMON CAMERON, *Secretary of War*.

After one of their concerts, the Hutchinson Family visited



the White House, on the occasion of a levee being held. Mr. Lincoln, who had formerly seen and heard them at Springfield, Illinois, immediately recognized them, and Mrs. Lincoln also received them with the utmost kindness. In the course of the evening they were asked to sing, and they responded to the request by giving that spirit-stirring song: "*The War Drums are beating — up Soldiers and Fight.*" This was pleasant enough, but like most pleasures in this world, it had its accompanying drawback. The key of the piano could not for some time be found. The instrument belonged to the mansion, and, possibly, in the latter part of Mr. Buchanan's occupancy, more discord than harmony had prevailed in the Presidential dwelling. At length, however, the key was found, and the instrument opened—but alas! it was, like the country, so shockingly out of tune that it could scarcely be played on. Nor could a music stool be found, so that, for a Presidential mansion, music seemed to be at a serious discount. "There's nae luck about the house" might perhaps have been played on the rattling old keys, but it would have been little less than treason to have attempted "Yankee Doodle" on such a rickety box of wires. Mr. N. P. Willis, with his usual brilliancy, gave a graphic account of the evening's proceedings in his *Home Journal*.

The Hutchinsons, spite of the piano, gave, with great effect, "The Ship on Fire;" and, on leaving, were cordially invited to often visit the Presidential mansion.

The concert having been arranged for, the Hutchinsons next went over the Potomac, and passed the guard to Gen. Franklin's Division, under the convoy and patronage of the chaplain. The concert was to have been given in the afternoon, but, owing to unforeseen difficulties, it could not be given till the evening. The place of meeting was in a splendid church, connected with the seminary building, and

surrounded by magnificent grounds. The vocalists took quarters with Dr. Welling and Chaplain Yard, and were most hospitably entertained.

The price of admission was fixed at one dime; and, at the appointed time, companies of the 1st New Jersey regiment, and stragglers from other regiments to the number of over a thousand, filled the church. Everything went off gloriously, and the applause was loud and prolonged; but, after one piece (now famous) had been sung, symptoms of dissapprobation became manifest. The obnoxious composition was the following, by John G. Whittier:

"EIN' FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT."

(LUTHER'S HYMN.)

WE wait beneath the furnace-blast  
 The pangs of transformation:  
 Not painlessly doth God recast  
 And mould anew the nation.  
 Hot burns the fire  
 Where wrongs expire;  
 Nor spares the hand  
 That from the land  
 Uproots the ancient evil.

The hand-breadth cloud the sages feared  
 Its bloody rain is dropping;  
 The poison plant the fathers spared  
 All else is overtopping.  
 East, West, South, North,  
 It curses earth;  
 All justice dies,  
 And fraud and lies  
 Live only in its shadow.

What gives the wheat-field blades of steel?  
 What points the rebel cannon?  
 What sets the roaring rabble's heel  
 On the old star-spangled pennon?

What breaks the oath  
 Of the men o' the South?  
 What whets the knife  
 For the Union's life?—  
 Hark to the answer: SLAVERY!

Then waste no blows on lesser foes  
 In strife unworthy freemen.  
 God lifts to-day the vail and shows  
 The features of the demon!  
 O North and South,  
 Its victims both,  
 Can ye not cry,  
 "Let Slavery die!"  
 And union find in Freedom?

What though the cast-out spirit tear  
 The nation in his going,  
 We who have shared the guilt must share  
 The pang of his overthrowing!  
 Whate'er the loss,  
 Whate'er the cross,  
 Shall they complain  
 Of present pain,  
 Who trust in God's hereafter?

For who that leans on His right arm  
 Was ever yet forsaken?  
 What righteous cause can suffer harm  
 If He its part has taken?  
 Though wild and loud,  
 And dark the cloud,  
 Behind its folds  
 His hand upholds  
 The calm sky of to-morrow!

Above the maddening cry for blood,  
 Above the wild war-drumming,  
 Let Freedom's voice be heard, with good  
 The evil overcoming.  
 Give prayer and purse  
 To stay the Curse  
 Whose wrong we share,  
 Whose shame we bear,  
 Whose end shall gladden Heaven!

In vain the bells of war shall ring  
Of triumphs and revenges,  
While still is spared the evil thing  
That severs and estranges.  
But, blest the ear  
That yet shall hear  
The jubilant bell  
That rings the knell  
Of Slavery for ever!

Then let the selfish lip be dumb,  
And hushed the breath of sighing;  
Before the joy of peace, must come  
The pains of purifying.  
God give us grace  
Each in his place  
To bear his lot,  
And, murmuring not,  
Endure and wait and labor!

No sooner had this song been finished, than a solitary hiss was heard from one corner of the room. Major Hatfield, who commanded, and who on this occasion was seated in a front pew, rose, with evident signs of indignation, and turning to the place from whence the symptoms of disapprobation had proceeded, observed, that if the interruption was repeated, the person who caused it should go out of the house. The man who hissed, rejoined — "You had better come and put me out." The Major, who knew the man, and knew also that before the concert commenced he had threatened to make a disturbance, then said — "I can put you out — and if I cannot, I have a regiment that will!" At this, the soldiers rose to a man, amid much confusion, and cries of "put him out!" but no force was resorted to, and order was at length restored. The Hutchinsons sang that beautiful piece, "NO TEAR IN HEAVEN," and its soothing influence produced perfect tranquility. Chaplain Merwin also exerted himself to restore peace, and all seemed pleased and quiet.



## No Tear in Heaven.

Composed by JOHN W. HUTCHINSON, and sung by him and family at their Camp Concerts to the soldiers in the Army of the Potomac.

Solo, Soprano or Tenor, ad lib.

In chanting style.

1. No tear shall be in Heaven; No gath'ring gloom Shall

o'er that glorious landscape ev - er come; No tear shall fall in

sadness o'er those flowers, That breathe their fragrance thro' celestial bowers.

- 2 No tear shall be in Heaven; no sorrow's reign;  
No secret anguish, no corporeal pain,  
No shiv'ring limbs, no burning fever there,  
No soul's eclipse, no winter of despair.
- 3 No night shall be in Heaven, but endless noon;  
No fast-declining sun, nor waning moon;  
But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual light,  
'Mid pastures green and waters ever bright.
- 4 No tear shall be in Heaven, no darkened room,  
No fear of death, nor silence of the tomb;  
But breezes ever fresh with love and truth  
Shall brace the frame with an immortal youth.

## Invocation Chant.

Composed by JOHN W., of the "Hutchinson Family," and sung at the opening of their concerts. This piece was first sung by the "Hutchinsons" at the lecture of Frederick Douglas, in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, N.Y., Anniversary Week, 1863.

Words by J. WARD CHILDS.

Moderato.

1. Thou great and All-wise Rul - er, In whose Almighty hand  
2. We've oft - en, in our blindness, For - gotten thee, our God ;

Is held the future des - ti - ny Of our devot - ed land,  
And just - ly do we mer - it The vengeance of thy rod ;

To Thee, thou great De - liv' - rer, In this our time of need,  
But Thou art merci - ful and just ; Thy mercy, Lord, we crave ;

In deep humil - i - a - tion, We come our cause to plead.  
O, hear our suppli - ca - tions, And our dear country save.

3 We know our strength is weakness ;  
That we alone, must fall ;  
But thy right arm can save us,  
For thou art all in all.  
The storm that hangs above us  
Will vanish at thy will :  
Lord, calm the angry waters ;  
Command them, "Peace, be still."

4 O, may once more among us,  
The dove of peace descend,  
And o'er our glorious country  
Her heavenly wings extend.  
The People's hearts uniting  
In bonds of peace and love,  
With discord's arms beneath our feet,  
The stars and stripes above.

After the concert, certain persons refused to mess with the chaplain, but it was hoped that all trouble was at an end. It may be mentioned here that Major Hatfield was afterwards killed, during McClellan's retreat from before Richmond.

On the following morning, there came a message to the chaplain, to appear before General Kearney, (since killed). The reverend gentleman obeyed the order, and then returned to his friends with a sad countenance. There was very great excitement, he said, arising out of the proceedings of the evening before—the authorities had gone so far as to take away the keys of the church from him. Things were evidently going awry, and whether the concerts would be permitted to proceed or not, was quite a matter of doubt. While waiting in suspense, there came a second message from the general, requesting the chaplain and the singers to wait on him; so, through the rain and mud, they had to tramp to his head quarters. The general there rebuked the chaplain and the vocalists for singing without first submitting a programme of their songs to the authorities, and added, that he “could not allow the concerts to go on.”

Mr. Hutchinson, remarked, in explanation:

“General,—I have a permit from the Secretary of War to sing. I am no stranger to the soldiers—many thousands of whom knew and heard us—whatever the officers may think and feel on the subject.”

To this the general remarked, quickly: “I reign supreme here,—you are abolitionists,—I think as much of a rebel as I do of an abolitionist.”

Subsequently, he seemed to hesitate, and when Mr. Hutchinson and the chaplain left, it appeared to be doubtful whether the concerts would be allowed to continue or not. Soon after reaching their quarters, however, there came a fresh message from the general, that they must forego all further singing in the camp.



Not satisfied with this, news was sent to General Franklin, and the following communication was received by Mr. Hutchinson :

[ COPY. ]

HEAD QUARTERS, ALEX. DIV., }  
Camp Wm., Jan., 1862. }

MAJOR HATFIELD,

You will please send to these Head Quarters, as soon as practicable, a copy of the songs sung by the Hutchinson Family last night in the Seminary Chapel.

By order of Brig. Gen. Franklin.

(Signed)

JOSEPH C. JACKSON, A. D. C.

After several hours hard work, copies were taken and forwarded to General Franklin by the chaplain. The General took them, and wished to have the objectionable song pointed out to him. He was referred to Whittier's song. He said, "I pronounce that incendiary," and then said that "if these people are allowed to go on, they will demoralize the army."\* The chaplain again returned, depressed and sad.

Another concert had been advertised. On the announcement that it was forbidden being made public, the members of the regiment that was to have attended it, openly expressed their regret.

Late on the Saturday night (a concert having been given on the previous Friday evening,) a message was sent to General Franklin, purporting to have emanated from the General commanding the U. S. Army — (General McClellan.) The following is a copy :

\* It may be here stated, that the style and character of the entertainments within the lines of this army were :— Saloons, where liquors were passed to the soldiers and set before them by disreputable persons. While *lewd women dressed in tights, and without tights*, sang Bacchanalian songs and danced on an elevated stage to the amusement of the stranger.



HEAD QUARTERS, ALEX., VIRGINIA., }  
January 18, 1862. }

## GENERAL ORDERS, NO. 3.

By command of the Major General commanding U. S. A., the permit given to the Hutchinson Family to sing in the camps, and their pass to cross the Potomac, are hereby revoked, and they will not be allowed to sing to the troops.

By order of Brig. Gen. Franklin.

(Signed)

J. C. JACKSON, A. D. C.

Official.—JAMES M. WILSON, A. A. G.,

Head Quarters, 1st N. J. V.

This was, of course, an effectual “stopper” to further proceedings. At the same time Mr. Hutchinson received an informal verbal message, to the effect that the vocalists were to leave their quarters. Mr. Hutchinson—it being late and the weather bad—immediately wrote to General Franklin, requesting the privilege of remaining with their friends until the Monday morning following, to which application an answer was written on the outside of Mr. Hutchinson’s letter, which was returned, that there is no objection to these people remaining if they behaved themselves properly.

The next day being Sunday, Chaplain Yard went and obtained permission to use the church, and a little plan was adopted in order that the hundreds of soldiers who desired to hear them sing should not be disappointed. The chaplain asked for a choir, and the Hutchinson family, at service time, appeared *as said choir*. The chaplain preached in the morning, and in the evening Mr. Merwin gave a Temperance Lecture. They sang on both occasions temperance and other pieces. On the following Monday morning, Miss Viola received a twenty-dollar gold piece which had been sent her by the soldiers.

Mr. Hutchinson immediately sent part of his company on to Washington, intending to follow with his daughter on the boat from Alexandria. The fog, however, prevented the departure of the boat until the afternoon. The chaplain say-

ing he would take him the next morning, he concluded to stay and spend the evening with Colonel Farnsworth's regiment of Cavalry, which was quartered a mile or two out. They started, the chaplain driving; they had not gone far when the horse took fright as they were going down hill, the reins broke, and they were in the utmost danger. At length the animal swerved from the road, and coming in contact with some trees, knocked the vehicle to pieces, but providentially all in it escaped unhurt! They then returned to their quarters, and were informed that since they had gone an officer had been inquiring for them and intimated that they "might as well have gone off." On learning this, and anxious to give the authorities no grounds for charging him with disobedience of orders, Mr. Hutchinson deemed it best to go at once, and not disturb the peace by any risk. Accordingly he proceeded to Alexandria, and called on General Montgomery, who took the vocalists to his own quarters, where they sang psalms and hymns, and, conjointly with the Provost Marshal, the general invited them to give a concert in Alexandria, which, however, they for the present declined.

On reaching Washington, Mr. Hutchinson called on Mr. Secretary Chase, and told him the whole story of his troubles at Fairfax Church. Mr. Chase asked for a copy of the prohibited song, which having been given him, he submitted it to the consideration of the Cabinet. Of course, details of the proceedings were not publicly known, but Mr. Hutchinson was informed, *on the best authority*, that he was exonerated from all blame, and that the President expressed himself very warmly in his favor.

In this, as in all other instances, Mr. Chase acted with the utmost kindness and consideration, showing that he was still a firm and consistent supporter of those principles which he had so long advocated. It would be well if we had a few more

such consistent and truly enlightened statesmen, to stand at the helm of public affairs in this crisis of our national history.

Mr. Hutchinson did not now hesitate to go to Alexandria, and give two concerts — at these the greatest enthusiasm prevailed, and the “prohibited” and all the radical songs were loudly called for — “John Brown” among the rest. The general himself sat on the platform with the singers, and, at the end of the concert, resolutions in their favor were adopted.

The Hutchinsons once more returned to Washington, having received a special invitation from some officers of General McClellan’s body-guard, to whom they sang in private. These gentlemen, to compensate them, purchased large numbers of tickets for a concert, and attended the church where it was held. At this concert the Provost Marshal of the city was present, and all their radical songs were sung, amid great applause. The minister of the church, however, was frightened, lest his congregation should be disturbed by the Anti-Slavery sentiment of the songs, and would n’t let them have the church for another concert. So the concerts in Washington had to be given up.

They sang, however on a Sunday, at the Capitol, to an immense audience. Among the pieces was “The Slave’s Appeal,” which created a great sensation. After the concert a slaveholder invited them to his house, to have “a talk,” but they were pressed for time, and could not go.

Their last evening in Washington was spent in the hospitable mansion of Mr. Secretary Chase, with a party made expressly for them. It should be remarked that they also experienced the kindest attention from Major-General J. C. Fremont and “Jessie.” The colored people of Washington, too, were enthusiastic in their praises of the Vocalists, who, for more than twenty years, had advocated their cause and had



incurred calumny — made sacrifices and endured losses, willingly on their behalf. To show their devotion, they offered their churches for the use of the singers when the doors of all the other places of worship, owing to secessionary prejudices, were shut against them.

The "Family" now travelled to Philadelphia, where they gave a series of concerts, which were extremely successful. The song of Whittier — "The Furnace Blast," — was, because prohibited, still more popular than ever, showing what good a little persecution sometimes does. The Quakers came out in full force at these concerts; and some of them remarked, that they must have peace, "*if they had to fight for it.*" During this Philadelphia visit, they opened a new Hall by a concert.

They next gave successful concerts in Boston, New York, and Trenton. On Long Island they gave several concerts for the benefit of the Soldiers' Home in New York — thence they went to Pittsburgh, and on through Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, meeting with a particularly warm reception in their own town of Hutchinson. There everything *appeared* prosperous; but Mr. Hutchinson warned the inhabitants against the visits of hostile tribes of Indians. The people did not share in his apprehensions; yet, before a few weeks had elapsed, the Indians actually came, and the inhabitants, some three hundred in number, had to fly for their lives, to a refuge seventeen miles distant. So complete was the devastation caused by these ruthless invaders, that every house but two was burnt to the ground, and not a stack of corn was left. The loss to Mr. Hutchinson, was, of course, great.

Mr. John W. Hutchinson and his interesting family are still "marching along," singing as they go. For more than twenty-four years he has been before the public, and, during all



that time, he and his have earned "golden opinions" even from those whose principles he has attacked and denounced in stirring song. He has sung for the noblest causes — for Slave Emancipation — for Union — for Temperance — for the advancement of Humanity and Freedom everywhere; and when he shall leave the Concert-room, (may that time be far distant,) he will carry with him into private life the respect and esteem of the thousands to whom his "family" name is a "*Household Word*."

As a fitting conclusion to this memoir, Burleigh's beautiful Free Song is appended: —

### FREE-SONG ON THE POTOMAC.

BY GEORGE BURLEIGH.

DEDICATED TO THE HUTCHINSONS.

*From the Independent, N. Y. City.*

HA, TAPE and TINSEL! will ye stop  
 The swelling tide of Freedom's song.  
 Even while the Judgment Hour lets drop  
 God's lightning on the towers of wrong? —  
 Forbid the fearless free who fling  
 Their lives on battle's combing wave  
 To hear their Mountain Warblers sing  
*Our ransom with the ransomed slave?*  
 But Truth divine can pass your line  
 Without your word and countersign;  
     The winds will wing it,  
     The birds will sing it,  
     The seas will ring it,  
 The shouting brooks from the hills will bring it,  
 And your shattering cannon-peal shall fling it,  
     Wherever a slave may pine.

Sweet songsters of the Granite Hills,  
 Birds of the rock and forest oak,  
 Wild-bubbling as their own free rills  
 Their music, through the cannon-smoke,  
 Rained like the sky-lark's from her cloud;  
 And might have laid the fiend of Saul,

But makes your haunting fiend more loud,  
 Whose javelin seeks the life of all.  
 Unjustly strong, from out your throng  
 Ye drive the Flock, but not the Song!  
     The winds will wing it,  
     The birds will sing it,  
     The seas will ring it,  
 The shouting brooks from the hills will bring it.  
 And the scream of your roaring shells will fling it,  
     Wherever the weak bears wrong.

Not clanging horns nor rumbling drums  
 The tones that deepest thrill the land;  
 The Resurrection Angel comes  
 With Freedom's trumpet in her hand!  
 Its blast will call the living dead,  
 Redeemed, from Slavery's Hadean tomb.  
 To find our welcome;—or instead  
 Peal the last charge of flying Doom!  
 The hour of Fate will never wait,  
 Ye hear its judgment knell too late.  
     The winds will wing it,  
     The birds will sing it,  
     The seas will ring it,  
 The shouting brooks from the hills will bring it,  
 And a nation's dying groan shall fling it  
     Through the shattered prison-gate!

Once old chivalric honor reigned,  
 And bards were sacred, e'en to foes;  
 They kept the glory heroes gained,  
 And sang high deeds that shamed repose.  
 But cheer, my Warblers! fly away  
 To sing more clear in smokeless air;  
 The herald Angels sing to-day,  
 Nor ask a tinselled tyrant where.  
 From heaven's blue cope the song of hope  
 Thrills down the bondman's dungeon slope;  
     The winds will wing it,  
     The birds will sing it,  
     The seas will ring it,  
 The shouting brooks from the hills will bring it,  
 And a rescued nation's voice shall fling it  
     Where the last lone slave may grope.





